THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

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ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,

BY PROTEUS ECHO.

No. 9.

—

Urit me Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore Putius :
Urit grata Protervitas,
Et Vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

HOR.

THERE is nothing in which men more impose upon themselves, than in matters of love. No sooner has this passion kindled in any great degree in the heart, but the eyes of reason are put out, a cloud hangs upon the intellect, and darkness invades the whole soul. The lover immediately apprehends things in a different manner from all the rest of the world. He enjoys a thousand delights, and suffers a thousand inquietudes which have no original but in his own imagination ; and his life glides away rather like a visonary existence than a reality. The fair charmer of his affections is no longer a mortal ; nor can he persuade himself that the lovely form is flesh and blood, but a refined composition of an etherial and angelical nature. It would be an unpardonable crime in him, to conjecture that her eyes were any other than two suns, which can, as the power that governs them pleases, either give the day, or leave the hemisphere to perpetual night and horror ; either smile serenely as a summer morning ; or raise a tempest in every faculty of his mind. He assures himself the syrens warble in her voice ; the graces move in her steps ; the zephyrs flutter upon her fan ; her air is something more than human ; and her features are at least flushed with divinity. In short, from the moment a man commences lover, he resigns his understanding, and starts up a knight-errant ; while his mistress at once loses the woman in the goddess.

It is my design in this paper, to reduce the men to their reason, and the ladies to their proper species. In order to compass my intention, I shall show some of the ill consequences of this way of thinking and acting, in regard both to the male and female world.

So long as a man indulges these idle dreams, it incapacitates him for all happiness, except a few imaginary pleasures, which are unsatisfying in their nature, and fleeting in their duration. His mind is in a continual mutation ; and every little accident will flatter his expectations, or quench his hopes ; inflame his desires, or rouse his jealousy. If his fair smiles upon another, it sets him a lowring with envy and resentment ; and nothing will more effectually sting his brains, than a pinch of his mistress's snuff offered to his rival. Does she give her hand to any one else? his own hand trembles; if she accepts a nose-gay

from his antagonist, the perfume immediately takes away his breath; and whenever she speaks kindly to his friend, a sudden silence seizes his tongue, and his ears deafen with faintness. Besides; this amorous disposition is a great error in the politicks of the man, as it puts him upon doing those things which have a direct tendency to destroy his schemes. It gives him a fawning behaviour, and makes him act beneath the dignity which would otherwise recommend him. Indeed, to a woman of discretion, and a generous temper, this would be very far from creating any disesteem of the gentleman who addresses her; since it is only the respect he has for her, that forbids him to act before her with his usual freedom. But as there are few women of that character, so it stands as a maxim, that the more the lover allows, the more the mistress will assume.

If this method of amour is disadvantageous to the men, it is no less so to the ladies themselves. It puts them upon a thousand little tricks, that are indeed very ridiculous. If a lover is so simple as to compliment his mistress into a deity, she presently convinces him of the presumption of the mortal, who dares approach her without a due veneration: and it should seem strange, that after he has adored her as divine, he should wonder at her inhumanity. When he tells her, *her eyes are killing*, she takes care to prove his words for him: and as soon as ever he begs in a most humble manner, that *at least she would let him enjoy a compassionate look, or her unkindness will certainly break a heart already wounded*; she instantly frowns upon him, and with great tranquillity sets about the experiment. It frequently happens that the cringing of the man, renders the woman too imperious to be borne with. A man of a philosophical constitution, when he sees his mistress thus haughty and contemptuous, asserts his liberty, and leaves the nymph to look out for another of a more servile spirit, to wear the chains of her tyranny and tryumph. I once knew a gentleman, who made court to a woman, in this modern polite manner, which had no very desirable conclusion. *Madam*, says he, *It is my highest ambition to become your slave*. Who can blame her if upon this she managed with suitable authority? She bridled up her head, and with a commanding accent ordered him upon his knees to ask pardon for his unsufferable arrogance; when upon his smiling, she arose in great wrath, called him insolent jack a-napes, and beat him out of doors with a broom-stick.

This kind of addressing the ladies has a very ill effect upon their marriages, inasmuch as it often influences them to a wrong choice. The man who has his heart overflowing with tenderness for a dear creature, cannot caress her with that gallantry and blandishment he is master off to another. Let his air be ever so fine, her presence awes him; let his eloquence be ever so flowing, at her appearance he is silenced. But, on the contrary, a man who loves but indifferently, can maintain all his graces, and by that means is able to carry an undiscerning woman from her most passionate admirer.

To conclude; this romantic way of loving is very prejudicial to the lady, because it is imposible for any woman to answer the idea that such a lover forms about her. For so long as he fancies her an inhabitant of the *elysium*, and she

remains a daughter of *eve*, the object and the conception will be inadequate. And when the lover perceives the angel thus sink into womanhood, his surprize will equal his disappointment.

I might have used many arguments of a more serious turn, and shown that to place our chief happines in a creature is a mental idolatry inconsistent with religion: but I have chosen motives drawn from moral reasons, as more suited to the nature of my paper.

A.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

FOR THE EMERALD.

ANDREW MARVELL.

(*CONTINUED.*)

IN the character of Mr. Marvell, we are compensated for the difficulty which it presents, by its novelty and rareness. We find in it an unremitted zeal for the public service, and the interests of his constituents, united with great literary and poetical endowments: to the wit of public controversy, and the acuteness of written argumentation, was combined the utmost gentleness of manners, and deportment; and the flame of his patriotism was so completely kept alive by integrity, that no bribes could quench, and no flattery mitigate it. The nature of his public services has already been disclosed: we have seen that in his ardour for liberty, he opposed too violently the supposed encroachments of power, and he sometimes indulged his propensity to satire, at the expence of his judgment. This defect, however, he had in common with every controversialist of his time. The disposition to satiriz... ly by the ability to ... success. The local interests of his constituents were so well understood, and so carefully espoused by him, that he preserved their confidence for a longer period of time than can be readily found upon record; and during twenty years, we observe a constant communication of public business from him to his constituents, as unexampled as it is valuable. His industry in their service was not limited by amusements, or any call of private interest; but whenever an important transaction required disclosure, he sacrificed his engagements, and evenhis health, to the paramount requisition of public duty. Though he did not speak much, he was so active by his influence and his writings, that he was considered the most formidable member of the opposition, particularly as it was impossible to corrupt him. Charles, who knew his talents as well as his enmity, was delighted with his manners and conversation, though he could not be insensible to the danger of their exercise.

His literary works are distinguished by a terseness of expression, cogency of thought, and singular felicity of illustration, rather than by depth of observation, greatness of idea, or grandeur of imagery. He speaks plainly to men of common sense and common experience, without drawing down wonder at his scholastic acquirements or eloquence of language. He was therefore eminently well qualified for a controversial writer, in which department of writing, he was scarcely inferior to either Hobbes or Dr. Echard. His poetry has wit without harmony, and curious metaphorical illustration, without much taste in the

from his antagonist, the poverty in [illegible] appear that he was possessed of much Greek learning. He probably took very little pains to prune his excrescences of expression, or energise his first thoughts; what he wrote, he composed suddenly on the spur of the occasion, and seemed generally satisfied with what the occasion produced. This disposition of the mind to slight ones own compositions, is generally to be discovered in men of fine genius, who are impatient of examining their own thoughts, because they induce a multiplicity of views, and involve the mind in uncertainty as to the most preferable. Now a drudge on the contrary, confident that any thing which can be called a thought, is sufficient to satisfy expectation, uses all his art, and exercises all his invention to correct, enlarge, and beautify the first prominent idea.

The manners and deportment of Mr. Marvell had received their polish from an inherent taste of propriety and common sense, as well as from the diligent observation of foreign manners, while travelling abroad. His gentleness is the more remarkable as his wit was exceedingly sarcastic; its lightning was not playful but dangerous; but it served to correct and purify the political atmosphere of that time. His conversation powers were eminently conspicuous; and being in him combined with a thorough knowledge of several foreign languages rendered him a fit person to be employed in a foreign embassy. What opportunities he had for the exercise of his peculiar talents abroad, does not appear; for the mission in which he was engaged, was not attended with any circumstances of singularity, as to mark its character with any distinguishing traits. The poverty in which he was generally involved, caused no difference of behaviour from the great or proud men of that age. The influence of wit, was equal to that of money, and indeed the temper of men's minds guided by the king, led them to bow the knee to a witticism, when they would deride a virtuous sentiment. Besides it was no uncommon thing before the general diffusion of commerce to find patriots and statesmen, deprived of the luxuries of life. Property was not then so desirable as now, because it carried with it but little weight of dignity; but where there is no talents, the influence of riches will always overbear every other conductor to reputation.

Mr. Marvell's integrity has few parallels under a monarchical government. Burke was silenced by a pension, Pitt diminished his glory by an earldom; but Marvell encountered bribery in the shape of flattering promises and of money; and endangered his life by his persevering integrity. He probably fell a sacrifice to his sense of honesty, since, when he was poisoned, there was good grounds for belief that some of the court party were instrumental in his decease. To conclude, though we admire the hardihood of Mr. Marvell's character, it will generally be considered as an example to deter, and not as a model for imitation. There certainly are points about it which ought to be emulated by every man of virtue, though at the same time, there are others, which prudence would require us to avoid.

ACCOUNT OF MODERN NAPLES.

From Kotzbue's Travels in Italy.

(CONCLUDED.)

ANOTHER peculiarity in Naples consists in the street-preachers. A flag is seen flying in one of the streets, and behind it a crucifix is carried, which is followed by the venerable divine in his robes. He approaches the Mole, looks for a place that he thinks suitable, gives a signal, and the flag is planted at some paces from him. He himself mounts the first stone he meets with, or a bench fetched from the nearest booth for his use. The people immediately assemble round him with their hats off. I have heard one of them speak actually very well; his arguments were perfectly adapted to the narrow conceptions of his audience, and he indulged himself in no jesting. Every one who was not disposed to listen, went past with his hat off. These ministers have a very great influence on the lower orders; and it is said that the government make use of them to produce any particular spirit among the populace. Some time ago one of these men lived here, who, if I mistake not, was called father Rocco. He was much esteemed at court; and had a carriage kept for him, so that he could go expeditiously from one end of the city to the other when necessity required it. He was more feared than beloved by the people, for he was a furious zealot. He was once offended at seeing a puppet-shew with punch and his wife more numerously attended than his pulpit; from which he jumped down in haste, and driving the showman from the spot with his cross, took his place. This man, has, however, done much good, and brought about many beneficial regulations by his influence and indefatigable efforts. Among other things the publick are indebted to him for many lamps which burn before holy images in the streets; and as the city has no other lights, it is unquestionably a very great benefit.

Neapolitan Funerals.—A funeral train is passing. How!—do not living men bury the dead here? Is every corpse consigned to the grave by spirits? The question is pardonable, for every one surrounding the coffin is muffled up in white from head to foot, without excepting even the face; a few small holes only being cut out for their eyes. When twenty or thirty such spectres, moving along on a dark night with torches in their hands, and muttering to themselves, precede a splendid coffin of crimson velvet, which also goes onward without any visible force to carry or draw it, the scene will startle any one who has not grown familiar with it from custom. This, however, must soon be the case with those who live at Naples, where similar scenes are passing daily. There are many pious brotherhoods whose duty it is, among other things to inter the dead. Why this masquerade is used for the purpose, I have not been able to learn: but imagine it may arise from pride; for I am assured that many young people of quality are among the followers, who would not wish to be seen by the populace in performing such a menial office. The cause of the coffin's motion not being perceived, is, that the richly-embroidered pall hangs down to the ground, and conceals the bearers completely under it. It is not improbable also, that when the bier reaches the place of

interment some of the persons under it may be drawn out in a state of suffocation; for the thick velvet pall, that is heavily worked with gold, never can admit sufficient air for a free respiration. It is worthy of remark, that this coffin so grandly adorned, is a mere shell for the purpose of parade, and serves for repeated funerals.—Of the brotherhoods which I have just mentioned, there are several descriptions that differ in their colours. Another train, for example, which I saw, were muffled in red; and thus have the appearance of bloody spectres. All, however, wear the image of a saint on their breast, like the badge of an order. On certain days they wander singly through the streets, and collect money to pray for the souls in purgatory; on which occasion they do not speak, but shake the money-bag at the ears of passengers.

I once saw also a genteel funeral, as it is called. The coffin and pall were of blue velvet, with embroidery no less rich than the former; and the coffin was followed by thirty or forty ragged fellows, carrying flags with the arms of the deceased. For this magnificent parade the very first lazaroni were taken that came in the way; who walked in procession, not by two and two, but eight and eight. The contrast of their squalled appearance with the magnificence of the other parts of the ceremony, was truly comical. The eye looked in vain for relief in a variety of colours at least, but perceived only the same arms incessantly multiplied. Indeed, the love of pompous heraldry is an hereditary disorder among the ancient nobility.

The Host.—Another striking spectacle in the streets is, when the Host is carried by priests to dying persons. We should, if possible, see this in an open place; for in narrow streets it produces much less effect, I suppose. I live in the Largo del Castello, a very large square, which is covered from morning till night with buyers, sellers, animals, carriages, popular exhibitions, and spectators. Close by me is a puppet-shew, at the entrance of which the owner stands and entertains the people with his droll remarks. Some steps further is a fish-market, and directly opposite to me the main-guard-house. I do not exaggerate when I say that upwards of two thousand persons (besides the cattle) are usually assembled in this place. Suddenly the procession I have just mentioned appears: colours flying before announce it to the eye; and the perpetual tingling of little bells to the ear. It is surrounded by finely dressed priests, and often also by a military guard of honour; and clouds of frankincense ascend into the air before them. All the pious whose road leads this way, consider it a duty to follow the train; which like a snow-ball, thus enlarges in its progress. The shew-man is directly silent; even the fish-women are perfectly still; not a sound escapes: all hats fly off, and thousands fall on their knees, beat their breasts, and cross themselves. The guards shoulder their arms, and a solemn tune is played as long as the procession is in sight. In the night the spectacle is still grander. At every balcony, (and let it be remembered, that there is no window without a balcony) a light suddenly appears, and the darkness is converted, as it were by magic, into broad day; for every story is illuminated: and below in the street a number of rockets are lighted, which, with a whizzing and

loud report, salute the solemn procession. As I pursue it into the next street, the sight varies in its singularity. At one moment all is perfect darkness; and the next as the procession enters, the whole street on both sides assumes a brilliant aspect: and thus the light appears to fly from house to house, and from balcony to balcony, in the most rapid succession, till in the same order it by degrees vanishes again, and every thing returns to its former darkness. I have frequently put the question to myself, whence comes it that this spectacle should fill me (who am a heretic) with a sort of awe, since I esteem the greatest of all absurdities to believe, that God can be carried in a box in the streets? I know not how to answer this, otherwise than by the observation, that most things affect our weak minds, which occupy and influence such a vast multitude of people at the same time. Who, for example, feels much pleasure in seeing a single soldier exercise only for a few minutes? But put twenty thousand soldiers in a row, and it amuses us for hours.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

HONOURS PAID TO VIRGIL IN HIS LIFE-TIME.

If we had no other proofs of the merits of Virgil, than what are contained in the infinite praises bestowed on him by the poets of his own age, this testimony would justify our admiration of this great genius. He was preferred to Homer; and the Æneid was declared a work which conferred on Virgil the title of the most illustrious of all Roman writers. Those who dared to depreciate this excellent poem the Æneid, were held as profane and impious persons. The Roman people, in a crowded theatre, on hearing some verses recited from their favourite author, rose from their seats, to shew their veneration for the poet; and, on hearing that he was then in the theatre, they shewed the same marks of respect with which they would have received Augustus himself. Surely that age was less infected wirh envy than ours is; and the Romans exhibited in this instance, as well as in others, a magnanimity peculiar to themselves.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSE,

June 16, 1806.

Behold! e'en at mid-day, when pure the air,
And scarce a cloud obscures the hemisphere,
All Nature smiling in her robes of green,
The Sun withdraws his glory, and the Moon
Whose friendly beams conduct the traveller,
And turn, sometimes, almost the night to day,
Now intercepts those solar rays that yield
Her borrowed splendour; as if envying now
The Sun's superiour power, she intervenes
And turns our day to night.
Behold the scene—
Gradual it darkens. As the solar disk
Grows more obscure, a melancholy hue
Involves the face of things. The chill of night
Pervades the atmosphere. From west to east
The darkness moves along, till o'er the Sun
The dusky veil is drawn. No longer lost
Amid the *blaze of day*, the stars peep forth.
All Nature seems reversed.

Astonish'd man
Believes and trembles! E'en brutal herd
Suspend their wonted search for food, and gaze
In wild disorder at the mid-day night.
The feather'd tribes to their close coverts hie—
A solemn pause, a dread suspense pervades
The living world, confounded to behold
Darkness at noon!
How awful and sublime
The scene appears! as if old Night had spread
Her curtain in the west—then all at once
Involved the skies—shut out the light of day!
But while the Moon obscures the orb of light,
See round her sides a silvery lustre gleam,
And twilight skirt the whole horizon round.
Now darkness closes round in eastern skies,
While in the west the light advances on,
Till on a sudden, like the lightning's blaze
The Sun darts forth, though partially, his beams,
And by degrees resumes his regal state.
Earth smiles afresh—the face of Nature seems
To gain new beauty from her late eclipse.
O, man!
Let not thy thoughts on such a scene
Be spent in idle curiosity:
Think on that *dark*, that awful hour, when CHRIST
Expired on Calvary to rescue thee!
Think on *thy* coming doom! the fatal hour
When *total darkness* shall enshroud thine eyes!
Think on the time foretold—the stars shall fall—
The SUN be dark—the Moon no longer shine—
'The earth itself dissolve, and like a scroll'
The Heavens shall pass away——such is their doom!
Then let us bow before the POWER SUPREME,
Which makes and crushes worlds! revere his power,
Beseech his grace to cleanse our guilty souls,
That when th' Archangel's trump shall wake the dead,
We may be raised in glory, to behold
New earth and heavens, and sing the Saviour's praise
Through endless ages in the realms of light.

L.

TILLOTSON,

Addressing religious bigots, has this pointed turn: "Deluded people! that do not consider that the *greatest heresy* in the world is a *wicked life*, and that God will sooner forgive a man an hundred defects of his understanding, than one fault of his will."

Young, in the early part of life, was fond of music, and touched the German flute with much taste. Being once on the river with some ladies, he played them several tunes, and then put the flute in his pocket.

Some officers rowing by just as he ceased playing, one of them rudely asked him, why he left off. "For the same reason that I began," replied Young, "to please myself." One of them immediately told him, that if he did not continue playing, he would directly throw him into the Thames. His female friends began to be much alarmed, and Young, on their account, played till they reached Vauxhall, where both parties spent the evening.

The doctor had marked his man, and took an opportunity, in one of the dark walks, to tell the son of Mars, that he expected him to meet him at such a place, in the morning, to give him a gentleman's satisfaction, and that he chose swords for the weapons. The officer was surprised, on their meeting, to see Young advance towards him with a large horse pistol, with which he told him, he would instantly shoot him through the head, if he did not dance a minuet: after some diffi-

culties, he complied, and the officer reflecting on his impertinent conduct, acknowledged the justice of his treatment.

"Man corrupts
The natural world, made like its author good!
He sacks the town, lays waste the fertile plain,
Calls Famine from her halls of nakedness
Beneath, whence, upward springs the fleshless hag,
And gorging on the fruits for man ordain'd,
Leaves but herself to mourn.

JORTIN.

"If a man finds," said that great man, "some of his learned productions purloined by others, he may, generally speaking, make out his claim to his own property, if he thinks it worth while; and he ought not to be very uneasy about it as if some strange accident had befallen him. He should think and say of his writings, as well as of all his other goods and chattels:—These things I have collected for myself, for my neighbours, for friends, and for *thieves*, since *thieves will come in for a share.*

Oh! why is Love's celestial dream
So sweet and sad, so fair and fleeting;
So like the midnight meteor's gleam?
So like the star of day retreating?
So like the life-deluding bowl,
Which bids us rise on Rapture's pinion:
Then, headlong, hurls the giddy soul,
And gives it to Despair's dominion!
So sweet are Music's melting notes,
When swells, sublime, the voice of pleasure;
So sad descend the rising thoughts,
When falls the strain in mournful measure.
Be mine unfading Friendship's light,
Which shines to-day, and shines to-morrow;
Which dawns upon Misfortune's night,
And gilds the deeper shades of Sorrow!

A LUDICROUS STORY.

The question has frequently been asked, whether painters should represent the persons who sit to them, adorned with more charms than they really possess?

The following anecdote may serve as an answer. A young man in a distant province received the picture of the lady whom his friends had destined for his future wife. Struck with the beauties which the portrait presented to his eyes, he hastened immediately to Paris, to see the enchanting original. Finding his mistress void of every grace, and, in short, frightful, he wished to withdraw his pretensions. The parents of the lady became indignant, and pressed him to the performance of his promise. "I will marry the picture which you sent me with all my heart," replied the disappointed swain.

The following beautiful Ode to *Friendship*, was one of the earliest compositions of Dr. Johnson.

Friendship, peculiar boon of heav'n,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only giv'n,
To all the lower world deny'd.

While love, unknown among the blest,
Parent of thousand wild desires,
The savage and the human breast
Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flow of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne'er descend;
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
And hugs a flat'rer for a friend.

Direct'ress of the brave and just,
O guide us thro' life's darksome way!
And let the tortures of mistrust
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow
When souls to blissful climes remove,
What rais'd our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happiness above.

When Mr. Addison lived in Kensington-square, he took unusual pains to study Montaigne's Essays, but finding little or no information in the chapters according to what their titles promised, he one day in great anger threw by the book, wearied and confused, but not satisfied.—Said a gentleman present: "Well, sir, what think you of this famous French author?"—"Think," replied he; "Why that a dark dungeon, and fetters, would probably have been of some service to restore this author's infirmity."—"How, sir!" said his friend, "imprison a man for singularity in writing."—"Why not," reply'd Mr. Addison, "had he been a horse, he would have been pounded for straying out of his bounds; and why as a man he ought to be more favoured, I really do not understand."

Lord *Say*, Gibbon's ancestor, was beheaded 1450, by the Kentish insurgents. *Jack Cade* told him—"Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of this realm, in erecting a *grammar school*, and whereas before, our forefathers had no other books than the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about the who usually talk of a *noun* and a *verb*, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear."

Our passions and our understandings agree so ill, that they resemble a French man of quality, and his wife, who, though they live in the same house together, have separate apartments, separate beds, and go different ways, are seldom together, but are very civil to each other before company; and then the passions, like the lady, affect to have great deference for their husband's understanding.

Physiognomy (said Mr. Henderson) may increase a man's knowledge, but not his happiness. The physiognomy first discovers the evil in another and afterwards the good. But the man unskilled in the science, first discovers the good which pleases him, afterwards the evil which disgusts him.

FABLE OF THE WOLF AND HORSE.

A wolf meeting a horse, asked him who he was, and whence he came? "I know not," replied the horse, "who I am, or whence I came. But my father has written an account of me in one of the hoofs of my hinder feet." The wolf, applying himself in a stooping posture to read the name, received such a blow from the leg of the horse, that he fell down quite stunned. On recovering, he exclaimed, "What a fool did I shew myself, when, being born and bred a hunter, I pretended to be a scholar!"

Beauty, after five and thirty, is like a forfeited peerage, the title of which is given by the courtesy of the well-bred to those who have no legal claim to it.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

A gentleman who was lately at Paris mentions that some experiments had been tried at Marseilles, to ascertain the practicability of applying the sun's rays for culinary purposes. A number of mirrors were so placed in a frame, shaped like the section of a concave sphere as to throw intense reflect-light on the bottom and sides of a black kettle. The water with

n was raised to the boiling point, and, with a little attention, to shift the situation of the circle of mirrors, was kept hot for a long time. Coffee and soup were thus boiled sufficiently. This appears to be the machine, on a reduced scale, with which Archimedes burned the fleet of Marcellus.

A monument has lately been erected in Donhead church, by the widow of the late Captain Cooke, one of the heroes of Trafalgar, to the Memory of that gallant officer. The following inscription engraven upon it is from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Bowles:

"Sacred to the memory of JOHN COOKE, Esq.
Late Captain of his majesty's ship the Bellerophon,
Who in the battle of Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, 1805,
Having evinced consummate skill and bravery—fell,
At a moment, glorious indeed to his country,
But marked by the individual tears of all who knew him.
His inconsolable widow places this tablet
To record his virtues and his fate,
Near the spot of his favourite retirement, to which
(Having left it at the call of his country)
He returned no more!
"Be merciful to her, oh God, who bends,
And mourns the best of husbands, fathers, friends!
Oh! when she wakes at midnight, but to shed
Fresh tears of anguish on her lonely bed,
Thinking on Him who is NOT: then restrain
Her bitter thoughts, and her sad heart sustain.
FATHER of MERCIES, she remembers still
Thy chast'ning hand, and to thy sov'reign will
Bows silent, but not hopeless, while her eye
She raises to a bright FUTURITY.
Assur'd in better worlds THOU wilt restore
That happiness she here can know no more!"

The first folio edition of the plays of Shakespeare published in 1623, being considered by the commentators on that great dramatic Poet, as by far more authentic and valuable than the succeeding ones, but from its scarcity and consequent high price, only being accessible to few, it has been thought proper to reprint it; and accordingly a copy of this edition has been a considerable time in the press, and is now nearely ready for publication. The greatest care has been taken to ensure its fidelity, and during the time it has been in hand, three separate copies of the original edition have been constantly consulted. The new edition is printed in the common roman type, but in arrangement, orthography and punctuation, is literally and scrupulously page for page, throughout, an exact copy of the edition of 1623, with all its peculiarities, not a word being added, altered, or omitted.

DOMESTIC.

Day's Edition of Espinasse's Reports.—An edition of these valuable Reports has been recently published at Hartford, in the State of Connecticut. The mechanical part of this edition is executed in a style equal to that of the best Law publications in London. The editor has enriched the work with valuable notes and references to other English and American Reports, and affords the edition at the moderate price of *ten dollars a set*, the price of the London Edition, without any notes or references, being *sixteen dollars*. The writer of these remarks feels much satisfaction in recommending the above publication to the patronage of the Profession. It deserves that patronage for the reasonableness of its price; the superior style of its execution; the value of its notes and references; and because it is *American*.

A MEMBER OF THE PROFESSION.

N. York April 12, 1808.

Col. Ir. Amelot de Lacroix has prepared for the press a new elementary work, entitled Modern French Tacticks, or Military Instructions, for the officers of all grades, from a subaltern to a major-general. Now translating into English by Samuel Mackay, A. M. late captain in the United States army This work will be comprised in one volume, octavo, and contain about five hundred pages; it will be divided into five distinct parts, and be ornamented with suitable plates, to illustrate the different attitudes, motions, and evolutions, which will render the whole intelligible to those officers, whose avocations deprive them of leisure and opportunities to make deeper researches—price to subscribers 2 Dollars.

POETRY.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kasper's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found,
He came to ask what he had found.
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kasper took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's scull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kasper cried,
That put the French to route;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by,
They burnt his dwelling to the ground
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword this country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new born infant died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that you know must be
After a famous victory.

Great praise the duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good prince Eugene.--
Why 'twas a very wicked thing!
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay--nay--my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

And every body praised the duke
Who such a fight did win.
But what good came of it at last?
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why that I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory.

The following picture is full of characteristic minutiæ:

" Along the green, the hamlet's festive
day
Made toil relax, and poverty look gay;
There, as at blush of morn, the peal
bells
Charm'd the sweet echoes of responsive
dells:
The sun-burn'd gypsey, and her tawny
train
Forsook the tented shed, beside the lane
Oft have I mark'd the paltry rag of red
Half-flung in carless mood across her
head:
Oft, the short smutted tube, and vapor-
ing smoke
That from the lips, in quick succession
broke;
And as her jet black locks, her keen dark
eyes
Flash'd on credulty, and mark'd the prize
Intent she gaz'd upon the lines of fate,
And cloth'd the poor man in the dress
state,
Oft in pretended divination bold
She spread the palm, and promis'd her
of gold:
Oft mid the gaping ring, her magic pow
Reveal'd to village maids the bridal hour
One silver-piece could fix their future
doom,
This, gain'd a marriage: less than this
tomb."

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